

Pyongyang, Korea.

Monday, Aug. 17, 1913.

Dear sweet Boy,

Your faithful letters make me so happy. That familiar handwriting always means a comforting message of love. I know what it costs and the sorrow, day's hard work to when you get home to take all that time to write to me. Only your sweet love could prompt it. How many times, dear Boy, has that little faithful message, coming to me without fail, during the past terrible three years, how often it has just been the answer to my cry of "Oh, my help to dear the darkness of the hour." How dear your letters from school - and how they helped him bear his dark trial, for indeed, dear, I realize now, more than I did then, that the greatest suffering to our dear one was his own knowledge of his condition. Oh I can never, never forget the hopeless, agonizing despair that sometimes settled on his face and in his dear eyes. I do thank you, dear, for the faithful word that has come to me by all - most every mail from home since I arrived. Only God knows the cowardly battle I have had with homesickness since I came into this strange land. I couldn't tell it to anyone. Blanche guessed a little of it - but you don't want people to know you are so weak. I must conquer it - and I will by hard work. The trouble is I can't seem to get real well and I don't sleep as I need to - but I will be all right, I think after awhile. I wanted to go over to my house and begin to see about things there but they won't let me there. That I feel perfectly

I must ~~do~~ the trouble as can
hard work. I don't and I don't
seem to get real well, but I will
sleep as I need to - but I will
be all right. I think after awhile.
I wanted to go over to my house
and begin to see about things
there but they won't let me there.
They wish that I kept perfectly
quiet and that is so hard to do
when you have work that you are
responsible for and all these folks
do so much and there is so much
to be done. I have been reading
several books on Korea. I am
going to make a study of this land
if I can get some histories. The
Japanese do not allow the Koreans
to read their own history. They
have things in their iron grasp and
even Americans are sent out of
the country if they say things the Japs
don't like. One of our leading mis-
sionary wives, Mrs. Dr. Underwood,
who is publishing a little "Mission
field" magazine, was told she
was under arrest in her own house
for saying something in her paper
about the treatment and trial of
the Koreans who were said to have
been in a conspiracy. It does not
matter where you go there is the Jap
knowing all about everything you
say and do. I cannot help admiring
their great skill and tireless work
in cleaning up these dirty cities and
building roads and making this land
a better place to live. I do not
know that things are any worse than
in America after the Civil War.
It has been raining for two days and
such pouring rains! I was sorry,
dear, that your plans did not work
out, for they seemed good for you.
But I know that the best thing is
going to come to you for your spirit
is so brave and true. I have
committed your dear interests into
and I know the Can-

a better place. I have
know that things are any worse than
in America after the Civil War.
It has been raining for two days and
such pouring rains! I was sorry,
dear, that your plans did not work
out, for they seemed good for you.
But I know that the best thing is
going to come to you for your spirit
is so brave and true. I have
committed your dear interests into
His safe keeping and I know He can
not fail of one good promise. I still
of you, dear, this is the land where you
see and feel the very presence of God.
and you realize that he is right
there beside you listening and help-
ing. I wish you would tell me
some of the things Lenore would
like to have. I want to get ready
for Christmas good and early. I
had thought of a pink crepe dress
with some embroidery on it. These
are cotton crepes such as the
Japanese are famous for making,
and are very sweet. The Korean
schools in the school here (the mission
schools) do some embroidery to
help them with their education so
the missionaries often have them do
some done for Lenore and Marguerite
for Christmas. It is the custom
in all these missionary homes to
have the servants come in to the
yarned prayers. They sing a hymn
and read the Bible and then pray,
each taking turns each day. It is
a wonderfully sweet service all
in Korean. I am going to have
my servants sing and pray with
me. I can teach them the tunes,
at least. They love to sing though
they are not what we call musical.
The term "grand mother" in Korea
is one of even greater respect
than "mother." The other day a
man asked the mowry who

in Korean. I am going to have
my servants sing and pray with
me. I can teach them the tunes,
at least. They love to sing though
they are not what we call musical.

The term "grand mother" in Korea
is one of even greater respect
than "mother." The other day a
Korean asked the Mowry's who
the "grandmother" was who was at their
house! They seldom have really
grey hair but they admire it very
much and will stand and stare
at my grey hair and smile at
me in the kindest way. And then
when they find I am the "mother of
sons" they consider me a woman
of great honor. We are getting
an American mail once a week now
so I get letters from some of
you quite often. My, it is good! We
all know by the papers when a
vessel is due. Lucy's last letter
was written July 24 and reached
me Aug. 17th - wasn't that good?

We expect Dr. Moffett back any
day now. We can't settle some
things until he comes. If you
can find any designs of
quilt in side boards and
china closets, in pictures or any
where - please send them to me.

I wish you could exchange
the letters with George as often
as you can as I try not to re-
peat the things I want to tell
you about. There is such an
endless amount of interest here
to write in. It is a real Japan,
I think. It is not expensive.
I use so much paper it is quite
an item to get it cheap. I have
not been able to go anywhere
since I reached P. by a week ago.
Mr Blair is going to take me down

you about. There is such an
endless amount of interest here.
to write on. It is made in Japan,
I think. It is not expensive.
I use so much paper it is quite
an item to get it cheap. I have
not been able to go anywhere
since I reached P. N. a week ago.
Mr. Blair is going to take me down
to the city in his little trap. He
has a Korean horse and a little
trap. They are all so good to me.
Mrs. Mowry is just dear. She is a
lonely sort of woman. She was an only
child and misses her mother. She
has a lovely baby. Now, dear, I think
this is what you might call a long
letter. There is so much to write
I feel I haven't said anything. I love